

ALL GETTING READY TO GO TO HEAVEN.

Believers in Stutzke's Teachings Divided on the Question of Ascension Robes.

But They Listen with Rapt Attention to His Discourse in Brevort Hall.

Faithful Convinced That the End of the World Is Near and That Wednesday Is the Day.

OPPOSITION MEETING BY A WOMAN.

She is Mrs. Elizabeth Green, of Brooklyn, and She Says the Apostle Is Badly Mixed in His Dates.

Believers in a remarkable doctrine occupied Brevort Hall, No. 154 East Fifty-fourth street, yesterday afternoon. More than a hundred men and women, convinced that the end of the world is to come next Wednesday, between sunrise and noon, listened to the teachings of F. Stutzke, leader of the Christian Apostolic Congregation.



THE ASCENSION ROBE THAT MAY BE WORN BY THE "CHRISTIAN APOSTOLIC CONGREGATION"

With vehement earnestness he declared that, as sure as God is, each and every member of the congregation will be picked up bodily from Union Square Wednesday and carried to a paradise supposed to exist somewhere in the vicinity of the North Pole. As he talked the eyes of his auditors glistened.

When he painted the glories of the place they gasped in ecstasy. When he described the horrible tortures to be visited upon the unfortunates who remain behind they groaned.

"When the sun rises next Wednesday," he said, "God will be in the sun. You will see him. When you see him wait for the summons. It will be the end of the world."

Two meetings were held in the hall—the first for those of the congregation who can speak only German, the other for the English-speaking members. The German meeting was much larger in point of attendance than the other. Nearly all the members of the congregation are Germans. There are a few English, two or three Swedes and some Norwegians. Scarcely half of them can speak or understand any language but their mother tongue. The chief lieutenant of Stutzke is William Redwood, an Englishman. Up to three months ago he was a life insurance solicitor.

Stutzke is a preacher of the doctrine originally formulated by Julius Stangowski, a German Baptist minister, who had a revelation concerning the end of the world September 2, 1863. Stangowski fixed the date as September 2, 1896, thirty-three years from the date of the vision, and Stutzke, who was a Baptist in Germany, has been carrying on the work of enlightening the people on the subject for many years. He came to the United States only recently and located at No. 413 East Seventy-fifth street, in this city, where he began the publication of a paper called "Rays of Light of the Holy Ghost; or, the Most Distinctive Audible Trumpet Sound of Divine Mercy and Truth."

At the close of the German meeting yesterday, the English-speaking believers took possession of the hall. A hymn was sung, and Mr. Redwood addressed the people. That he believes, implicitly, that God will appear in the sky next Wednesday there is no doubt. He had a Bible in his hand and frequently consulted it. Stutzke is convinced, and he has convinced others, that Christ was born and died on a day corresponding to September 2 in the Gregorian calendar. He believes, and he has convinced others, that from Abraham to Christ was 1896 years; that Christ was to be the middle epoch, as it were, of a period of seven years from Abraham to the end of the world; therefore, the end of the world must come 1896 years after Christ. He points out that Christ lived on earth thirty-three years, and, as a crowning argument in this Biblical arithmetic, he asserts that the end of the world must come thirty-three years after the vision of Stangowski next Wednesday.

All these things Mr. Redwood told his hearers, with the plausibility natural to an ex-insurance solicitor. Then he launched off on a few arguments of his own. "We know we are dying," he said, "but in spite of this we cannot get the people to believe we are right. They will go to

after next Wednesday. They will call on the hills and mountains to fall on them. They will crucify the day they were born. "I was talking to a man this morning, and he told me it could not be true that the end of the world is coming Wednesday, because Christ has said 'Ye shall not know the day nor the hour when the Son of God cometh.' But his argument was not sound. The bride knows when the wedding is, don't she? We are the bride; God is the bridegroom. He has chosen us."

Stutzke, the apostle, followed. In the semi-darkness surrounding the platform he presented a weird appearance. He said to his listeners that the world is now in the "seventh seal," and, in support of this, he quoted a mass of Biblical expressions. The man seems to have the Bible on his tongue's end, and the conclusion of his address was an appeal to those listening to him to read the Bible and believe what it teaches.

After he had finished his talk, Mr. Redwood offered a prayer, and Apostle Stutzke was surrounded by questions. "Are your followers straightening out their worldly affairs?" he was asked. "No," was the reply. "We will leave everything we own just as it stands when God takes us away. We can take nothing with us."

Some one directed an inquiry at Stutzke concerning the children of believers. Would they accompany their parents in this sudden transition from earth to Paradise? As calmly as though announcing another meeting Apostle Stutzke replied that such children as are too young to be believers will be left behind.

"But," exclaimed a bystander—not a believer—"what is to become of them?" "We do not know. We are too busy thinking of things spiritual to pay any attention to worldly things."

Grouped around him were a number of mothers, believers in his doctrines, leading prattling children by the hand. They did not seem astonished at his barbarous proposition. To go to God they would leave their babies behind.

Meetings will be held to-night and to-morrow night at 7:30 o'clock at Brevort Hall to arrange the final details of the end of the world. Among the questions to be settled is one of great importance to the

believers, namely: Shall robes be worn when the time of ascension comes? Apostle Stutzke has decided to leave the question to the spirit. To-night or to-morrow night the spirit, it is announced, will appear to Stutzke during the meeting.

An aged colored woman, who had been an attentive listener upstairs, started a meeting on the sidewalk. She was Ann Elizabeth Green, of No. 233 Navy street, Brooklyn, she said, and she was disposed to take issue with the apostle concerning his dates. She proclaimed that he has fixed the end of the world four years too soon. She went on to show it, and quoted Scripture to prove that the end of the world will come in 1900.

ARTIST REINHART DEAD. Was a Pioneer in Illustrating and His Pictures Won Medals in France—Died Rather Suddenly.

Charles Stanley Reinhart, the artist, died of Bright's disease of the kidneys at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, somewhat suddenly, at the Players' Club, No. 16 Gramercy Park.

Mr. Reinhart was taken ill last Thursday at his studio in the United Charities Building, and was removed to the Players' Club, of which he was a member. His home was at Flushing, L. I. He leaves three children. His wife died in Paris in 1885. He was the brother of Joseph Reinhart, former president of the Santa Fe Railroad.

Mr. Reinhart was born at Pittsburgh, May 6, 1844. He gained his first reputation as an illustrator, and he and E. A. Abbey are considered to have been pioneers in that branch of art. The artist soon took rank in American art as a painter and illustrator and won silver and gold medals at the French Salon. Some of his pictures were exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago. One of his pictures was bought by the French Government in 1880. His recent work was a series of war pictures for Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Reinhart was a genial man and had many friends and was a member of the Century and Players' clubs. Arrangements for the funeral have not yet been completed, but the services will probably be held at the Calvary P. M. Church, Fourth avenue. The interment will be at Pittsburg.

THE THIEF CAME BACK. Once Successful, Next Time His Hand Is Caught Under the Pillow.

William Tourney, who says his home is New Jersey, has been occupying a room for a few days in a hotel at No. 269 West Thirty-fifth street. Friday night he hid \$25 under his pillow, and when he awoke in the morning \$15 of it had disappeared. He said nothing, thinking the thief would come back after the other \$10.

Yesterday morning he was awakened by feeling a hand under his pillow. He grasped it and found it was that of Charles Cramer, eighteen years old, who occupied the adjoining room. Tourney held the fellow and called for help. A policeman heard his cries from the street and came and arrested him. In Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday he was held for examination.

My little girl, Julia, was taken with a cough and prostrated with fever. I began administering Jayne's Expectoration, which gave relief and the work was done. Mrs. T. S. W. ALLEN, Vermillion, Minn., Nov. 15, 1896. The last family ill—Jayne's Painless Sana-tory—did it.

BURGLAR SHOT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

"Chinese" Bradley Killed in a Struggle with Police-man Miller.

Victim, Just Out of Jail, Was Caught Trying to Rob a Laundry.

Coolly at Work in the Afternoon While Three People Looked On.

HIS POCKET FULL OF PAWN TICKETS

Two Neighbors Ran for Help and a Third Grabbed Him by the Leg as He Was Climbing a Fence.

James ("Chinese") Bradley, colored, thirty-five years old, an expert cracksmen, who has just finished a long term of imprisonment in Clinton Prison, was shot and instantly killed yesterday by Policeman William J. Miller, of the East Thirty-fifth Street Station, while in the act of committing a burglary in Sam Lee's laundry, No. 388 Third avenue.

The laundry is situated on the ground floor, and is reached by going down two steps.

On the floor above there is a restaurant conducted by Armenians. The place is a popular Sunday resort for Syrians, Armenians and others. The entrance is through a door to the right of the laundry, opening at the front of a staircase, which leads to the door of the restaurant. The front door is rarely, if ever, locked, and customers and dwellers in the apartments above it pass up and down the stairs at all times.

At the head of this staircase, and leading through the house to a balcony in the rear, to accompany several Armenians into the building. He left them at the head of the staircase and walked through to the balcony in the rear, from which he descended to the yard.

William Jones, a young man who lives with his parents on the third floor of No. 388, East Twenty-eighth street, the windows of which overlook the yard, was seated near one of the windows, about 5 o'clock, when he heard a grating noise. He looked out and saw Bradley trying to force a wire screen from one of the windows of the laundry.

At the same time two persons were also watching his operations from the rear of No. 388. They were James Hamilton and his friend, Frank Noble, of No. 60 East One Hundred and Fourteenth street.

A warning "fish" attracted them. They looked up and observed Jones at the window overhead. He motioned them to retire.

The burglar used the crowbar skillfully, and in a twinkling the wire screen lay at his feet. In a moment he scrambled through the window and disappeared.

Noble at this point rushed out to give the alarm. On the sidewalk he met John Wacker, a young man who lives at No. 377 East Twenty-ninth street.

"We've got a burglar in a trap!" exclaimed Noble. "Run quick and get a policeman."

Wacker jumped on a cable car and found Officer William J. Miller on the corner of Thirty-second street and Third avenue.

"Burglars!" cried Wacker. "Follow me!" and he and the policeman got aboard a car.

In the meantime the burglar had taken alarm. He jumped from the window, dropped to the ground and started for the iron railing which separates the yard from the building which front on Twenty-eighth street. As he mounted the railing Hamilton dashed out and grabbed him by the leg.

"Let go of me," hissed the burglar, "or I'll brain you!" and he made a sweep at Hamilton's head with his right hand, which held a steel club. But Hamilton held on, and with a curse the burglar leaped back into the yard.

Hamilton fled into his shop. The negro then started for the balcony steps. At the top he was met by the policeman. The negro espied him and crouched into a corner of the back hall. The policeman saw the outlines of the man and drew a revolver. The burglar sprang at the policeman, reaching for him with his left hand.

Miller, who is slight in build, grabbed the negro by the throat. With an effort Bradley tried to wriggle out of the policeman's clutch. Failing, he reached with his right hand for his hip pocket.

Miller saw the move, and dressed the nozzle of the revolver against the burglar's cheek. The negro continued to struggle and reach for his pocket.

Miller kept the revolver pressed against the negro's cheek. Suddenly there was a loud report and the burglar reeled and fell backward, shot through the brain. The bullet entered the right eye, and Bradley died instantly.

At the station house a sharp, cold steel chisel was found in his right hip pocket. In the pockets were also a number of pawn tickets for watches and gold rings.

There is a long hallway. The yard is reached by stairs from the balcony. Abutting on the yard are the rear walls of tall buildings.

Bradley was seen loitering in front of Sam Lee's laundry, about ten minutes to 5 o'clock in the afternoon. But he attracted little attention.

A few minutes later Bradley was seen

pawned both in this city and Brooklyn within a comparatively recent period. There were also in the burglar's pocket a bunch of five Yale lock keys.

At the police court office Detective James Kelly and Detective Sergeant Crouch identified the body as that of Bradley. Since his release he had been dead-end committed a robbery in West Twenty-ninth street.

Followers of Apostle Stutzke and believers in his teachings met in Brevort Hall yesterday to hear him and his lieutenant, Redwood, talk. The auditors were attentive listeners, and with their teacher profess to believe that the world will end next Wednesday. On the question of ascension robes, however, they are divided. Mrs. Elizabeth Green, a Brooklyn colored woman, held an opposition meeting.

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The Young Hercules of the Sea Holds a Reception and Submits to Measurements.

CONFIDENT HE WILL WHIP CORBETT.

Many Shining Lights of the Prize Ring Will Watch with Deep Interest His Go with the Vanquished Champion To-Night.

Tom Sharkey, the sailor boy who aspires to be champion of the pugilistic world, the tough young tar who has backed himself, and that speaks volumes; who has put up \$5,000 of his hard-earned money in support of his opinion that he can defeat the hitherto invincible James J. Corbett, arrived in the city last evening.

There was no flourish of trumpets, there was no "See-the-Conquering-Hero-Comes" demonstration. In company with his trainer and backer, James J. Lynch, Sharkey finished his trip across the continent at 6:30 o'clock, arriving at the West Shore depot, and immediately drove to his quarters, room No. 5, at the Warwick Hotel, Fortieth street and Broadway.

Half an hour after his arrival, however, about a score of newspaper men and some few sports invaded his quarters, and for some time sat in solemn contemplation of the twenty-four-year-old fighter whom many competent judges believe is destined to wear the championship belt. He is expected by

any man in the world. Even with his face alone exposed we could believe that few muscular marvells were powerful enough to put that hardened sailor boy to sleep.

When Sharkey stepped for exhibition the marvellous muscular development of every limb and his massive trunk clearly indicated that his aspirations for championship honors are no empty bluff.

The first recognized patrons of the many art to greet Sharkey upon his arrival were Phil Lynch and Tom O'Rourke. Soon after them came "Parson" Davies, who announced that John L. Sullivan was on his way from Chicago and would arrive in time to stand up with Sharkey for four rounds at the Madison Square Garden to-night. The big fellow, who for twelve years successfully defended the title of champion of the world, will afford an excellent medium by which to measure the coming man's chances to defeat the man who knocked the great John L. into comparative obscurity.

When all were gathered in the little room, anxious to hear some few words from the Western Hercules, he still sat as undemonstrative as a statue and as silent as the Sphinx. Then somebody suggested that, as Sharkey's measurements have been much in doubt, it would be well to go over his person with a tape measure.

Dr. Francis W. McNamara, of Chicago, was of the party, and he volunteered to affix the tape. Then the body was rose up and it was seen that in stature at least he was anything but a giant. It is claimed that he stands 5 feet 8 1/2 inches high, but he did not look so tall. In his street attire he certainly did not impress one as the class of men to make a champion heavy-weight pugilist.

Five minutes afterward, however, when he emerged from his bed room, stripped to something less than fighting costume, a manner of surprise and admiration went around the room. He is one mass of muscles, each looking as hard as iron, and distributed, not as in the case of weight-lifters and other phenomena of strength, but in marvellous and admirable proportions, recalling the dense statues of Hercules and other all-around men who did great things before the era of Corbett or Fitzsimmons. He is knitted together in a compact and artistic mould. His face is that of a battered, weather-beaten sailor, his figure is that of a miniature Samson.

Still he said nothing. The proceedings suggested wake more than a reception. The fighting man then strutted to be measured with the doctor's tape. All dimensions were carefully taken, and verified by those present. They were as follows:

Sharkey's Measurements.

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| Chest | 49 1/2 inches |
| Chest expanded | 57 1/2 inches |
| Waist | 33 inches |
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| Arm | 22 1/2 inches |
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| Biceps | 12 1/2 inches |
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| Right forearm | 12 1/2 inches |
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| Size of neck | 17 inches |

When the sailor had dressed he submitted to a volley of questions as to his belief in his chance in his fight for \$20,000 with Corbett in December.

"I know that I shall lick that man," he said, quietly, with just a glimmer of a smile, "but even at that I cannot say that I believe myself to be the champion. There may be lots of 'em can beat me, but I'm dead sure I can beat him, anyway."

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Sharkey was born in the town of Droghda County South, Ireland, on December 29, 1871, being one of a family of fifteen children. When very young he was brought to this country, and is no stranger to this city, having been for years a boy deck hand on a steamer sailing from this port to Savannah, Ga. Eventually he became a marine in the United States navy, and aboard the cruised Philadelphia was on

interviews, Tom Sharkey will never be the idol of his art. He is essentially a man of few words. Indeed, for the first hour of his introduction to the sportsmen of the East he was a man of no words at all. He sat absolutely silent in a corner of his little parlor, and began shaking hands with all who were introduced to him. He seemed to have little or no interest in the proceedings.

Dressed in an ill-fitting suit of gray, he had the appearance of a young working-man, and exhibited absolutely none of the characteristics that usually distinguish fighting men, except a huge diamond stud in his shirt front. His face, had a hard appearance, and his jaws a determined expression which did not belie the opinion already expressed by experienced judges—that he is capable of taking, without weakening, more drastic punishment than

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